Balt. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles, as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maſter, one that you loue,
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the Vaule.
Balt. I dare not Sir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.
Balt. As I did ſleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreampt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guilt'e of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
Iuli. O comfortable *Frier*, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy

Thy husband in thy boſome t
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpo
Among a Siſter-hood of holy
Stay not to queſtion, for the w
Come, goe good *Iuliet*, I dar

Iuli. Goe get thee hence,
Whats here? a cup cloſd in m
Poyſon I ſee hath beene his
O churle, drinke all, and left
To helpe me after, I will ki
Happly ſome poyſon yet do
To make me die with a reſto
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy
Watch. Leade boy, which
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt
Boy. This is the place, th
Watch. The ground is blo
Goe ſome of you, who ere y
Pittifull ſight, here lies the
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme,
Who here hath laine theſe tw
Goe tell the Prince, runne to
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſo
We ſee the ground whereon
But the true ground of all th
We cannot without circumſt

Enter Rom
Watch. Heres *Romeos* man
Chiefe Watch. Hold him in

Enter Frier,
3. *Watch.* Here is a *Frier* t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34